FIVE FRIDAYS

Indeed a Cheerful Tale

By FRANK R. ADAMS

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.
—15—

"Why, lemme see. I must have dumped 'em in the wastebasket. But the fire was all out."

Any further discussion was cut short by the violent ringing of the telephone bell inside the burning building.

"Who can be calling up at this time of night?" wondered Vida, voicing the general curiosity.

"We probably will never know." Bopp gazed dreamily into the fire. "Maybe some one saw the blaze from the mainland and is calling up about it."

"No," said Lucile, with conviction; "it's my mother. She has seen the fire from Huntingdon's and wants to know if I am safe. We must answer it and tell her that everything is all right."

"No one could go in there." I protested. "The fire is raging in the living room, and the walls may fall any moment."

"But mother will worry."

"What if she does?" A man under stress of excitement is sometimes unintentionally brutal.

"If you men are not brave enough," Lucile declared, with eyes flashing, "if you're so afraid of getting singed, I'm going in to answer that telephone myself and tell my mother that I am safe."

"You wouldn't be safe if you were talking over that telephone." I was exasperated, but it was impossible to allow a girl in a flimsy negligee to go into that furnace. "Since you put it that way, I'll go."

I groped my way to the instrument, jammed the receiver to my ear and shouted, "Hello!"

"Sorry to waken you, old chap," said a male voice apologetically, "but I simply must speak to Miss Dunmore."

"You go to Halifax!" I requested loudly, and, dropping the receiver, made a wild dash for the door, from which I emerged with my clothing on fire in only one or two spots.

"Thank you!" Lucile was very sweet in bestowing her gratitude. "Was she very much worried?"

"It wasn't your mother," I said shortly. "It was Mr. Blaney."

"Ned?" asked Vida; then, without waiting for an answer, "I must speak to him."

I gently restrained her.

"Blaney?" queried Lucile blankly; then, turning to me, "Your brother?"

"No relation," I returned.

"He's my fiance," Vida explained. "Just the darlingest old Blaney that ever lived. He's waiting for me at Fair View. We were to have been married today, or yesterday, rather."

"Oh!" Lucile retired to her inner consciousness to think.

I told Vida that Blaney knew she was safe, as he had called up several times during the day.

"Where was I?"

"You were always out somewhere with Mr. Clair," I explained.

"You didn't tell Ned that, did you?"

"Why, yes, I guess I did. Why?"

"He's so jealous," sighed Vida. "It makes him furious when I talk to other men. Of course after we're married I'll train him differently, but now I have to be careful."

Our attention was distracted from the burning building by the arrival of Bill Johnson, who walked unannounced into the circle of light. The noise of

"Oh," Lucile screamed, "he's killing Tootles!"

the Merry Widow arriving had apparently been lost in the crackling of the flames.

"Well," I inquired, "were Mrs. Green and Mr. Clair all right?"

"I shall not know it," Bill replied phlegmatically. "I can't, by Timminy, find 'em."

"Can't find them? Nonsense! Did you go up to the house?"

"Yes, sure. And I look in all the rooms. No one shall be in each."

"They can't have left. Mrs. Green said she wouldn't."

"What's up now?" Bopp inquired.

"Mrs. Green has disappeared once more."

"Eloped with Lipton S. Clair?"

"Impossible! You haven't seen him since he left here."

"What else could have happened?"

"I can't imagine. It's a small island, and there would be no sense in supposing that she was hiding anywhere outside of the house. Besides, they both knew that the boat was coming back soon to get them."

"Mrs. Green is so elusive," Bopp criticized, "that I should think that when once you located her you would have kept your eye on her."

"If I had," I reminded him, "you would probably all be burnt to cinders now. There must be some plausible reason for Mrs. Green's disappearance. Suppose we don't tell her daughter right away until we try to find out what has happened. It would only cause her additional worry."

That was agreed upon.

"At any rate," Bopp said, "we can all go over to the mainland in the Merry Widow and get breakfast."

"No," declared Bill, shaking his head. "Merry Widow she shan't run. She broke her waive spring. Maybe it take all day to fix she up."

"Then for heaven's sake get at it!" Bopp growled crossly.

"I fix him up wit' some wire maybe," Bill cheerfully promised as he departed.

Lucile and Vida rejoined us presently.

"I have some breakfast for you," I announced.

"Soup?" Bopp uttered the word sarcastically.

"Oh, Tootles!" murmured Lucile.

"I forgot," I said. "Tootles is found. I found Tootles last night."

"Where is my little sweetheart now?"

"In the summer house," I replied.

"Oh, my 'Tootles girl,' she exclaimed, "locked up in that cold barn of a place all night!"

"I was there," I reminded her. "I stood it all right."

Lucile started out as fast as she could for the summer house.

"Wait a minute," I protested, wishing to explain about the reporter.

"Wait," she flashed at me, "when Tootles wants me? Never!"

Lucile broke into a run when she saw that I was following her and reached the door of the summer house first. When I arrived I heard a scream.

CHAPTER XVII.
Explanations.

THE picture was a trifle startling. On the floor lay the reporter, his face twisted up into an agonized expression, while Tootles stood over him, feebly licking his face, her little red tongue hardly able to wag.

"Oh," Lucile screamed jumping up and down in her excitement, "he's killing Tootles!"

I'm afraid I laughed. Anyway, she cast a look of reproach at me and made a dive for the tired little pup. Tootles went through the door and dashed, barking, up the beach. Lucile followed after.

They were too fast for me. The last I saw of them was a tiny bobbing speck—that was Tootles—and a larger graceful figure with hair blowing free and kimono flying back, which was Lucile.

"What's all the excitement?" the reporter demanded. "Who's the pippin?"

"We had a fire," I returned wearily. "Mr. Green's house burned down."

"Everybody asleep, I suppose." The reporter sketched in the story from imagination. "You, the faithful watchman, see the flames, dash into the burning building and rescue the owner's beautiful daughter. It's a peach of a story. It's too bad you can't marry her," he added, eyeing me ruefully. "You've got a wife and seven kids, I suppose."

"I have not," I retorted.

"Then you can marry her."

"Thanks."

"I mean you're not so terribly old and you might look all right if you washed your face and had some decent clothes."

For the first time I realized that I must be a pretty sad looking object. My clothes were wet, worn, singed and thoroughly mussed from having been slept in and rained on.

I looked at him sharply. "What size collar do you wear?"

"Fourteen and a half," he replied glibly.

I grunted. "I'll have a look, anyway."

I rolled him over and removed the collar and necktie as carefully as possible. It was a fifteen and a half.

"Because you lied I shall confiscate the necktie also."

"No," he shouted, interpreting my glance, "you couldn't wear another thing of mine."

"I'm afraid we coincide only in the neck," I sighed regretfully.

"Look here," he began belligerently, "don't you think this farce has gone far enough? I demand to be released. If you let me go now I'll promise not to have you put in jail, and if you'll get me a picture of Miss Green I'll give you $5."

"No," I decided absently.

"What will you do with me?"

"I don't know. It has been puzzling me. You know more about crime than I do. What do you suggest? I measured the height of his collar with my eye. "I can't say that I care much for your selection of collar style."

"If you aren't going to let me go," continued the young man, whose mind seemed to dwell constantly on himself, "when is breakfast?"

"There, you have ruined an otherwise perfect day. No one knows when, where or what breakfast is."

"No breakfast?" he questioned.

"Nope; nary breakfast."

He sighed. "There's a cigar in my"—He started to tell me which pocket when he recollected my propensity for confiscating his property.

"It's all right," I assured him. "I'm not smoking at present."

"In my left hand upper vest pocket," he finished.

I found a flat leather case in the pocket he had indicated. I opened the case, and a handful of crumpled tobacco fell out.

"I'm afraid I sat on it," I said apologetically.

He turned his face to the wall without a word. I left him alone with the dust of his last cigar.

When I had gone a short distance I heard him sneeze.

When I was satisfied that I had done the best I could to rearrange my disordered clothes and linen I rejoined the disconsolate group at the site of the one time house. There were only four of them—Captain Perkins, Jim, Vida and Kent. Lucile had not returned.

"Where's Lucile?" Vida inquired.

"Tootles got away," I explained, "and she chased her."

"But Tootles is here." Vida indicated the dog playing around the shed. "She came back quite awhile ago with this in her mouth."

Vida held up the torn and dirty remnants of what had been Lucile's kimono.

"That's Lucile's kimono!" I cried.

An idea struck me. "What was she wearing under that?"

"I helped her put on my costume," Vida vouchsafed, "the one that was drying in the shed. It fits her beautifully."

"Then I presume that you will find Lucile over there behind that clump of bushes," I hazarded in a loud tone.

There was a sound of branches breaking and leaves rustling as if

A Cry From the Tug Startled Us.

some one were beating a hasty retreat.

"Oh, I see!" Light dawned on Vida. "Just let her alone. She'll get used to them in an hour or so. You do feel kind of funny at first. Now about that breakfast."

"Yes," Bopp chimed in, "produce that feast you were speaking of. With the dog in sight we'll take a chance on anything you've prepared."

"Sail ho!" cried Jim.

"Where be she?" demanded his superior.

"Coming around the point." Jim replied.

Sure enough, a fat little tugboat was nosing her way comfortably through the waves into the cove. "It's the revenue tug!" exclaimed Captain Perkins, whose knowledge of lake craft was naturally superior to that of the rest of us.

"A revenue tug?" Bopp repeated. "What is she doing here?"

"Let's go and find out."

The tug came in as far as she dared, and then an officer came ashore in a dinghy.

"Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen," he began suavely, taking no notice of our disheveled appearance, "I am the revenue officer in charge of this district."

A cry from the tug startled us.

"What's that?" we exclaimed.

The yell was repeated, this time with a smothered finish.

"It's just a couple of prisoners we captured this morning," explained the officer.

"We are very glad to see you and your boat," Bopp stated, doing the honors. "We have had a terrible fire here, and if you will set us safely ashore at Fair View we shall be forever in your debt."

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but I cannot carry your party as passengers. Being on government service, my duties are very exacting. However, I shall be glad to notify the first vessel I meet and request them to call for you."

"But, man," Bopp exclaimed, "we have been without anything to eat for three days! Surely you can't refuse to take us to some place where food may be had."

"You forget that I have provided food," I interposed.

"I'm trying to forget it," Bopp replied, with ungracious impatience. "I want regular food."

"The lake is calming down," the officer pointed out, "and you can surely get aid soon. As it happens, we are hot on the trail of a gang of smugglers, and if we delay now the chief operator may escape us. He is posing as a telephone repair man employed by the local company in Fair View, but merely uses that position to cloak his criminal operations. He was sent to Green's island before the storm and has not reported back to the office, so we presume that he is here now."

By a common impulse we looked for Kent. He was not among us. Apparently he had waited to hear no more after Captain Perkins had identified the boat as in the government revenue service.

"I can't believe that he is a smuggler," Vida argued. She, like the rest of us, had conceived a liking for the young man whose career had been so varied and interesting. "He doesn't look like a smuggler."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proof of World's Great Age.

When we come to prehistoric man, Assyria is as yesterday. Discoveries made of skulls in various parts of Europe show that a low class of primitive man lived upon earth at least 250,000 years ago, and for 25,000 years a high type of man inhabited what is now central France.

FEW PERSONS REALLY HAPPY

Whatever the Cause, the Great Majority of People Fail to Make the Best of Their Lives.

The other night we chanced to ask an eminent physician of New York city his opinion as to the number of people who were truly happy. His rather dogmatic reply was:

"About one in a hundred."

And this was not the opinion of a pessimist, but of a most radical optimist.

We wonder if this opinion is shared by others. It does not mean, of course, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred are deeply unhappy—that would be absurd. But there is no doubt that a great many people are quite unhappy a good deal of the time, perhaps not half the time, but enough rather to cloud their lives.

We should like to know the opinion of physicians generally. More and more people go to the doctors to tell them their troubles. The physician of today takes the place of the confessional of yesterday.

Then, too, there is the new application of psychology to the field of medicine—the so-called psycho-analysis, which is so rapidly taking its place as an important part, literally, of the medical pharmacopeia. This new science has given a wonderful insight into our subconscious selves and reveals how far that subconscious self really dominates our lives and determines the amount of happiness which we really get out of this confused welter of existence.—New York Tribune.

WRONG TO BE TOO SENSITIVE

Business Man Who Takes to Brooding Over Small Things Stands in His Own Light.

"Wagner, you've got ability," he cried, "but you'll never get anywhere in this world until you quit tearing yourself to pieces! I've watched you for the last three years; twice I've had it in mind to push you up a notch in the office, and every time I've passed you and picked some one else, because I know you aren't fit to handle other men. No man is fit to handle other men until he has learned to control himself. You can't; you're too blamed sensitive.

"Little setbacks break your heart. A letter of complaint comes in from some customer and you take it as a personal criticism, and lose a day's work brooding over it. You see me in conference with some of the other men, and you stab yourself, wondering why you weren't invited, and imagine that I have turned against you. You hear about some one who is making more money than you, and immediately all far fields look greener. You're a fairly useful cog in your present job, and it might put me to some annoyance to lose you. But you'll never hold a big job until you can forget your own petty self and learn to laugh when the world takes a crack at you. Hanged if I don't think sometimes it might be better if you were to get out and try your hand somewhere else."—American Magazine.

Gargoyles of Notre Dame.

Visitors to the Notre Dame cathedral in Paris are more apt to remember the gargoyles ornamenting the exterior of the building than the wonderful galleries and arches inside. In fact, they are apt to remember them when waking in the middle of the night or just after turning off the electric lights. They are lobster supper nightmares come true, hobgoblins of nursery days. They gaze down from grotesque postures, grimacing with delight at their victims.

One peculiarly awful creature perches on a balustrade of one of the towers. In his claws he clutches what appears to be a baby gargoyle, chewing the unfortunate little creature's head with unmistakable relish. Meanwhile his eyes wander over the city with a dreamy, contented, faraway gaze quite horrible to behold.

The Universal Art.

It seems to me that teaching is the greatest of the arts, and that every one of us, no matter what his walk of life may be, is engaged willy-nilly for a good part of his time in teaching. Surely every father and mother is engaged in it; and I am persuaded that the vast majority of children address themselves to the problem of teaching their parents that the life of their day is wholly incompatible with the methods of a generation past. The master who learns how to handle men is taught by the men he handles. The senator and congressman in the throes of their eloquence are endeavoring to teach their honorable colleagues what they take to be wisdom, and their constituents they endeavor to tell of their impassioned patriotism. Whenever we endeavor to persuade anyone to do as we want him to do, we try to teach him. Teaching is the universal art, and the greatest of them all.—Ellwood Hendrick, in the Atlantic.

First Use of Chimney.

During the Middle Ages the principal advance made in heating was made through the introduction of chimneys into private dwellings. They were first introduced into France in the eighth century, but were rare and did not come into common use until several hundred years later. In Poland during the early part of the modern period houses were heated in winter by means of a kiln built into the room, but which was fired from the outside. In order to keep warm the family slept not only around the sides of the kiln but also on top of it.

How It's Done.

Vassar Student—May I go motoring with Mr. Ketcham?

Dean—You know it's against the rules to go without a chaperon unless you're engaged.

V. S.—But if we go alone I hope to be engaged to him when we come back.—Widow.

Opposed to Hatred.

"Do you hate your enemies?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "My idea has been to get 'em so well beaten that I kind o' feel sorry for them."

Arbitrate!

By BOOTH TARKINGTON
Of The Vigilantes

In wartime the strike is not the remedy for profiteering. Publicity and action by the government are the remedies for profiteering. Profiteering that brings on a strike is, in effect, not better than treason; but a strike may itself be an attempt to "profiteer" and therefore not better in result than treason. Every sensible person, however, understands that workmen are entitled to as high wages as they can get without interfering with the utmost possible efficiency of industry engaged in the prosecution of the war. A strike does interfere with such efficiency, and therefore means a larger casualty list and increased danger to the country. That is to say: if I am a war industry workman on strike I am prolonging the war and adding to the risk of America's defeat in the war. This means that I cause death and wounds to a certain number of American boys who would have come home safe and sound to their mothers if I hadn't gone on strike. That is the simple truth; and if I am impeding a war industry by going on strike, I might just as well have torn and tortured the bodies of those boys myself. The responsibility is so terrible that no workman who understands it would take it, except to avoid a greater amount of torture and death at home through starvation wages.

Arbitration will give him what he needs and what he justifiably wants. The whole country understands that a workman cannot live today on the wages of ten years ago. Wages have got to advance, of course, as the price of commodities advances; and the price of commodities advances, of course, as wages advance; though it is to the advantage of the workman to let the price of commodities begin to advance first. But his wages must take account of higher prices, and permit him not only life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but allow him to save, as well. That is all that any man on this earth is entitled to whether he be garbage man or kaiser; and it is all that is worth getting; and the ideal of this country is that every man shall have it. This is what we are fighting for; that no man shall take away this right from another man, that no man shall make another man his slave, as the Germans have made conquered labor their slave and as they would make slaves of us if they conquered us.

Now such is the temper of our country that the responsibility for a strike which means more death, more crippling, more blinding, more shot away faces, for our young men, sons of workingmen and sons of capitalists, fighting side by side and comrades "over there," as they will be over here when they come home—the responsibility for such a strike is an infinitely heavier and more dangerous thing than those who rashly assume that responsibility can know, and no decent human being could be so selfish and so treacherous to his country as knowingly to bring about such a strike.

And the temper of the country in these days is to know causes as well as results. Where the greediness of a profiteer has caused a strike, his money will not be envied him for he shall not have it, nor his liberty either. And it is unthinkable that American workmen, or workmen who are human beings, for that matter—it is unthinkable that they will strike, even for mere justice, without having to the last utmost atom of their energy pressed for settlement by arbitration.

The syndicate service, founded by Samuel Gompers and representing the point of view of the American Federation of Labor, reports an address by William Mosses, president of the Pattern Makers' Union of Great Britain. Mr. Mosses was speaking in the Labor Temple in San Francisco. He said: "We were requested to abrogate our working rules and agreements . . . to give up everything that tended to restrict output. . . . Being convinced that this was necessary, unless we desired to see the entire world subjugated by German autocracy, we recommended that our unions submit to the request made by the government. . . . This meant that there was to be no stoppage of work during the war. It meant the acceptance of compulsory arbitration. . . . We have secured better results through arbitration than by resorting to the strike, which should be used as a last resort after all else has failed. If this is done, the strike weapon will rest in its scabbard."

And Mr. Mosses said another thing worth thinking about. "Today labor in Great Britain is more prosperous than ever before in its history. . . . Our influence is greater than ever before and our workers are enjoying wealth beyond the dream of avarice."

Not only is arbitration necessary, but it pays!

PASSING OF MR. JOHNSTON

By ISOBEL FIELD
of the Vigilantes.

The traditional Englishman, he of the eyeglass and the haw-haw manner, has been thrown into the discard. The last four years have changed our views on many things and today when we think of a Britisher it is not as we used to see him, in caricature, but as he is, a simple, likable, friendly chap, and "a first-class fighting man."

Another figure has gone, never to return: the dancing, bowing, frog-eating Alphonse, the very opposite in every particular to the real Frenchman we have come to know, whose very name is the personification of valor.

Guiseppe, he of the organ and monkey, with a stiletto in his belt and a plate of macaroni in the near distance, is displaced by a bold Alpini fighting in the clouds, or a dashing, gallant Bersegliere defending his country to the last drop of his blood.

There is a personage nearer home that we must be prepared to lose, Mistah Johnston, the Darktown coon. He is no more. Gradually there has appeared in his place a stern young American, trained and alert, musket in hand. There is no hyphen to his name. His forefathers were Africans, but he is loyal United States.

When the colored troops marched down Fifth avenue for the last time before going to France, the newspapers reported that they were given a "tumultuous ovation." As a matter of fact, there was little cheering. The dense masses that lined the side-walls and filled the windows and overhanging balconies looked on in growing wonder. Here and there a patter of gloved hands or a "bravo" was drowned in the beat of drums and the tramp of many feet. The sight of the long, long line of khaki-clad figures marching like clock-work; the strange grim faces that might have been cast in bronze—eyes straight ahead, with not a side glance or a gleam of white teeth; company after company led by smart, soldierly colored officers, all on their way to the battlefront, was too awe-inspiring for noise. The crowds gave them the deeper homage of breathless surprised silence. They came to applaud Mistah Johnston and beheld in his place a bold warrior who commanded their respect and admiration.

THE NEW LIFE

By ZOE ADKINS
of the Vigilantes.

This is an Intermission: Time stands still.
And we—as lost as children in a haze—
To take from some heritage of other days
Forgotten faith and unsuspected will;
We have gone back, like children, to our knees,
And we have learned the sad and splendid pride
Of those whose dearest gloriously died,
Knowing our own face Death across the seas.

Oh, after this—when joy-bells ring out peace,
And home our war-tired heroes come again,
Shall we not vow ourselves, when war shall cease,
To a new life, and prove that not in vain
We saw the Prussian sword drawn from its sheath
And neutral lands—and children—fall beneath?

THE FASHION OF 1918

By ISOBEL FIELD.
of the Vigilantes.

Her hat was plainly old fashioned, and the ribbon that adorned it had evidently been cleaned and pressed with a hot iron; her tailor-made suit, though well fitting, was faded in color and cut in the mode of year before last; but she walked down Fifth avenue among the best-dressed women in the world with a swing of the skirts and a noble condescension of glance that attracted my attention. I watched her with interest, sauntering a little ahead and stopping at shop windows to study her as she passed.

Was she a great painter, authoress or poet puffed up with her well-deserved fame? No, her face was not familiar, as, in these days of newspaper photography it would be were she of the elect. She was neither young nor strikingly beautiful, yet why the grand manner as of one above the common herd?

Suddenly she paused beside me to cast an indifferent glance at a dazzling array of diamonds in a shop window and then I discovered the secret of her proud bearing. What need had she of fine clothes or feathers in her hat? She was dressed in the height of the fashion of 1918. On the breast of her shabby jacket she wore a little service bar and on that bar were three blue stars!

EXPOSE EVERY ONE

By HARRY V. MARTIN
of the Vigilantes.

While we are at it, reporting German spies to the federal government, why not go a little further and give your local food administrator the names of those grocers and butchers who are charging more for their goods than they should? By helping to force up the cost of living, already deucedly high, these petit larceny profiteers, although waving the American flag at every opportunity, are really helping the kaiser. Their safety lies in the fact that they are too insignificant to come under the notice of investigators employed by Uncle Sam.

Here is your opportunity, Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Citizen. A chance to air that detective instinct that is within us all. A very good way of "doing your bit," and one that is bound to be appreciated. It stands to reason that the food administrator in your town and county has his hands full taking care of the big things. Give him a lift by appointing yourself, this very instant, as one of his assistants to ferret out the meanest men and women in all the world, the criminals who see in the war a chance to get rich quick at the expense of their own countrymen.

Some Consolation.

After carefully examining the dress her mother had made for her out of her older sister's dress, Ruth said, "Mother, weren't you the next to the oldest sister in grandma's family?" Upon being informed that such was the case, she said, "Well, then, you know what it means, too, to have to wear madeover dresses."

Japanese Rice Cultivation.

Twelve thousand square miles—7,680,000 acres—constitute the rice land of Japan, which feeds a nation of about 50,000,000 people on an average of a pound a day for each person. It takes 135 days to grow a crop of rice, and in Japan the laborious work of cultivation is done almost entirely by hand.

Whale as Food.

In the fifteenth century the whale was frequently brought into requisition for gastronomic purposes. It was found on the English royal table as well as on that of the lord mayor of London. The cook either roasted it and served it up on the spit, or boiled it and sent it in with peas; the tongue and the tail were favorite parts.

CRADLE SONGS ARE ANCIENT

Words Often Seem Meaningless Jumble; Melody Always Within Compass of Home Voices.

Almost all popular cradle songs are very old, some of them so old that, were they not familiar, they might be considered the veriest curiosities of literature. Through all the changes of language they have held their own upon the lips and in the hearts of the people. From mouth to mouth they have come down through the years with an irresistible swing of rhythm and patter and jingle of words till they seem to have been rather a natural growth than a human invention.

In all the melodies, observe a writer, there is a certain likeness of rhythm with a national, I might say a temperamental difference of movement and a meter from the slow assured major of the German to the wild plaintive minor of the Scotch, characterized by the short ascented notes or the weirdness of the Hungarian with its sudden changes.

That these old songs should have embodied and retained the characteristics of the people among whom they originated gives them an importance which their crude words and the elementary character of their melodies scarcely seem to warrant. The words often seem a mere meaningless jumble, the melody is always within the easy compass of home voices. No doubt both express, in some supernally wise way, the one unalterable sentiment of maternal love.

Wooden Motor Tires.

Motorcycles are being shipped abroad with wooden tires instead of those of rubber. The former answers all purposes in some localities, but no rubber is allowed to go abroad now except for war purposes.